

Home Magazine

THE LADY OF THE VALLEY.

By JAMES W. KILBURN.

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I was yellowing fast when I came upon the camp, flanked by a cornfield. A woman, whom I had seen upon the road, sat on a stump smoking. A red shawl was knotted over her arms and her hands were busy with her pipe. She looked at me from her pipe, but her eyes set deep in a worn face—looked only at the blue line of mountains behind me. I sat upon another stump, and presently she said:

"Will the lady have her fortune told?"

"The last one you told me did not come true," I replied, and was rewarded by seeing that pipe reveal with much surprise as is compatible with one of her stamp.

Her eyes were now dark wells, to be fathomed by no light plummet.

"Tis not always a poor gypsy's fault," she said. "You told me I should cross the water and marry a dark man, and I've done neither. The incident had been forgotten, but not the personality of the woman who had interested me."

Suddenly the name came to me, given by the woman at Tivoli.

"Daylia Herne! Don't you remember me, Daylia? And the talk we had?" There was a tense contraction of the whole figure, as though some wild, secret thing were roughly awakened from under the frozen cover of water.

"Twas not I," she said imperturbably. "I never saw Tivoli Fair in all my mortal life. Some other gypsy, lady! But I can tell the lady a better fortune now, that!" Knowing that directness is not the route by which such creatures arrive, I said: "Perhaps so, but I should like to find Daylia Herne again. Have you ever heard of her?"

She knocked the ashes from her pipe, and through the veil of defensiveness there seemed to leap a gleam of longing—the forging of an alien to touch once the beloved self.

"I've seen her, lady. Oh, yes! A bad lot she was!"

"I should like to know what became of her," I persisted.

"Hard to tell what becomes of the like of her!"

"Do you know where Daylia went after Tivoli Fair?" I asked.

"Yes, yes, lady! I'm thinking it was the time Daylia died. She took a hard cold and died. Devil's did, and a good riddance she was! Many's the time I've said to her, 'Daylia, mend your ways! But, tchik! There's no use talking to such cattle! Tchik, lady, you can't tell 'em! She was a bad lot!'"

"She was a good mother," I said.

"Ay, lady, she had a boy, maybe you mind him, Daylia's boy?"

"Yes, he was a beautiful youth. What became of him when he died?"

"He went far away, and was well rid of her, I'm thinking!"

"Then you never saw him afterward?" I persisted. She floundered slightly.

"Oh, yes, lady, he came to be a fine man, he did. The finest you ever seen! And to think you mind the boy!"

It was needless to look at her to know the intense, pent eagerness of every line, as she leaned forward, with a hand up on the stump and her eyes devouring my face.

"He had curly hair and beautiful eyes," I said.

"Ay, yes, surely him," she breathed.

"But I thought him disrespectful to Daylia, and I feared that he would break her heart some day. She was so good to him."

My companion glanced nervously over her shoulder, and replaced the pipe, with an assumption of bravado.

"No, no, lady, she died easy. Daylia did. He was well rid of her, too. He was a fine lad, I tell you!"

I arose and said that I was sorry not to learn more about Daylia. "There was trouble at the Fair that

day," I added, "and I feared her son might have been in it." She was on her feet with a spring.

"Who dared to tell the lady that lie? It's a lie, a black lie! The boy wasn't there! You tell 'em who

now sicken with drunken sleep.

"Shut up, there!" he called, "tell the lady's fortune, can't you? Don't mind her lady, she's a fool!"

"Ay, I'm just a fool; don't mind me, lady! Let

THE GYPSY'S INTERRUPTION.



"DON'T MIND HER, LADY. SHE'S A FOOL!"

says if they lies, lady! Daylia's boy wasn't there!"

Her voice raised, and suddenly the tent flap lifted and a young man came out.

He showed the remains of beauty, but his face was

the gypsy tell the lady's fortune," she repeated, her eyes fixed on him. "Maybe you haven't a coat, now, lady? There's them that'll want coats over bad this year."

"No, the coat was for Daylia's boy," I said, as I left her.

I took the road skirted by a woods, and presently there came a cracking of underbrush, the red shawl of the gypsy broke through the leaves and she stood panting beside me.

"Hold on, lady, stop a bit!" she said, with a hand on her heart. "Lady, if I tell you true where Daylia went afore she—she died, maybe you can get me a man's coat, too. I'll be cold after awhile, and there's them that'll need it bad!"

"Tell me all about Daylia Herne," I said. She lowered her voice and came nearer.

"Twas this way, lady, and you tell it straight to them as said Daylia's boy was there when the robbing was done at Tivoli. He hadn't a mortal thing to do with it. Daylia done it herself! But Daylia, she got caught and locked up for five years for it, and no more'n she ought to've got. That's why she didn't come for the coat, she was locked up in jail, lady, see?"

Perhaps there is a mystery in the air of autumn. At any rate I felt it. I could not then aver that this woman was Daylia Herne, therefore I told her I should have a coat ready for her the next day if she would come after it.

But the next day she did not appear. The young woman I had seen in the camp came, however, and asked if I were the lady who had promised the old woman a coat.

"Because she won't die easy till she gets it, lady," said she.

I offered to accompany her back to the camp and take the coat. We passed by way of the cornfield, and when we reached the woods an old man came out of the tent smoking.

"She's gone," he said, with a backward jerk of the thumb.

The young woman took her baby from the wagon where it lay whimpering and followed me into the tent.

A figure lay upon a straw pallet under a ragged cover, and the face, now striped of years by death's serenely, awakened my memory unmistakably.

"Where is Daylia's son?" I asked, suddenly. The young woman started and stared at me.

"Lad, lady, how'd you ever know her?" she said.

I explained to her, and while walking the baby back and forth, she said: "I can't do her no harm or good, but I'll tell you, she was a fine girl, and I know her lawd got her. The lawd don't want to be bothered with Jack Herne no more'n we do, I guess. He was around here yesterday getting all he

could out of her; 'twas him made her heart get so bad. She wanted that coat for him."

"You see, Daylia was sort of cousin to pap, and she come and nursed us all through fever last year. Oh, she was the good sort! But a fool about that there son of hers. My man drove him off last night and told him if he ever shows his face here again we'll give him up for robbing at Tivoli Fair that time."

"Did you mind that time, lady? 'Twas the time he loused the lions and got up a robbery, all his own. Oh, he was a whelp! And Daylia Herne, she got him away, and let her own heart caught, 'twas her own fault, and got herself locked up for five years for it."

"Daylia Herne locked up five mortal years for stealing, and pap, he's known her to keep a whole camp straight in her time by being so straight herself. Why, she hated stealing like sin, and wouldn't eat food, Daylia wouldn't. Since she come out of jail she's hid away, feared lest she'd disgrace him—Daylia Herne disgrace the likes of him!"

Afterward I went my way marvelling over the mysteries that are held from our solving—especially the divine and tragic mystery of motherhood.

PLENTY OF WETNESS.

A German scientist, Prof. M. Wilhelm Meyer, holds out the cheerless prospect of a rainy summer consequent upon the volcanic disturbances in the West Indies. He says:

"If considerable quantities of dust have been or should be hurled into the air, in the case of the Krakatau eruption, and if these be wafted cross to us by the regular winds of the higher atmospheric strata, they may give rise to particularly copious precipitations, since each particle of dust in the air is the germ of a rain drop. Air rich in dust is essentially more disposed to cloud-forming than pure air; hence the greater frequency of clouds and big cities. Smoke 'twas just the same effect as dust in this respect. An extraordinarily wet summer may therefore be presupposed."

CURE FOR "CHARLIE HOSS."

Have you a dark blue pain in the small of the back? Do you experience hot flashes? Are the whites of your eyes turning yellow, with dark blue rings under them? Do you experience loss of appetite? Have you that tired feeling in the morning with loss of memory when your wife asks you to order the groceries? Are you startled out of your sleep by dreams of being dragged through eight yards of lead pipe by seven bald-headed angels? If so, it is not safe to neglect this condition, or it will grow on you. Get on the empty lot and lift them out before breakfast. Take an old riding and slap the rugs a few times that are left out on the line. All this is a sovereign remedy for that state of mind which used to be known as the "Charlie hoss."

MAY MANTON'S LESSONS IN DRESSMAKING.

A SMART COSTUME.

Monte Carlo cost 4.174. Box-plaited skirt 4.117.

An exceedingly smart costume of natural colored pongee, with trimming of lace dyed to match, made with skirt and Monte Carlo coat of the material. The cut shows one of the latest designs and suits both the costume on suite and the general wear of taffeta, pongee, linen and the like.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is: For coat, 8-2 yards 21 or 27 inches wide, 2-3 yards 44 or 2-5 yards 52 inches wide. For skirt, 10-14 yards 21 inches wide, 9 yards 21 inches wide or 6-14 yards 44 inches wide. The coat pattern, 4.174 (in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch bust measure, will be mailed for 10 cents.

The skirt pattern, 4.117 (in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure), will be mailed for 10 cents.

If in a hurry for your patterns send an extra two-cent stamp for each and we will send them by letter post in sealed envelope.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

with white silk, or bands of the checked silk piped and stitched with black.

Rose B. R.—White wool canvas or etamine skirts are very fashionable at present, and are admirable to wear with fine white skirt waists. Wool, linen or cotton canvas should be shrunken before it is made up, as it can then be

washed without damage. The woolen fabrics require more care and are best cleaned by the professional, although deft hands often produce satisfactory results at home. The linen etamines stand much harder usage and are lovely, but those of wool are considered more dressy. Silk waist suits of foulard, challie, wash silks, pongee and all linen

and cotton wash fabrics are very fashionable.

Martha M.—Your black and white India silk is very suitable for light mourning, and you can use the velvet on it with good results. If the skirt is a good shape for the old but lovely French muslin, you need not alter it; but if not, rip it up, press and cut over by pattern No. 4,089, lately illustrated in The Evening World. Trim the lower edge of the flounce with a band of the velvet ribbon and set two rows on the top half the width of the velvet apart. If the skirt is cut in one piece with the waist, rip it apart, press and tuck in groups to yoke depth, with bands of the velvet between, or substitute a yoke of tucked white mousseline or black lace over white silk with velvet straps at lower edge of yoke and a belt of velvet crossed in front with pointed ends.

Arxious.—The paper you wrote your letter on is exactly the shade you require for the slip skirt and waist lining for the old but lovely French muslin. The ground of which is robin's-egg blue. A simple but exceedingly becoming style would have the waist, skirt and sleeves shirred at the top, as the unique ribbon design running through the folds does away with the necessity for trimming. This design (waist No. 4,328 and skirt No. 4,361) lately appeared in The Evening World and can be sent to you on receipt of price if you send correct name and address.

Miss C. N. H.—Your material, which is fine wool challie having a cream ground and satin stripe peppered with black dots, ought to make a very charming gown. Use cream taffeta or fine percale for lining. A box-plaited skirt with cream or black lace yoke over white satin and trimming of black velvet ribbon would be suitable. The bit of color could be turquoise or baby blue, cardinal or cherry red, which ever is most becoming. Introduced as folds or plippings on the collar, cuffs and as a bust knot. Nos. 4,109 and 4,117 will furnish the patterns indicated.

BEES.

Gold-barred and dusty with the powdered spoil That lay in blossoms hidden from men's view, Through summer days among the fields they toil, Busy gleaners of the sun and dew.

—Ernest McGaffey in Woman's Home Companion.

MAY MANTON'S DAILY FASHION HINT.

This is a sketch of the smart summer costume which May Manton describes in these columns to-day, and the prettiness of which may be obtained by following Miss Manton's directions.



REED AND SHEEDY.

A curious resemblance exists between ex-Speaker Reed and Pat Sheedy, the noted gambler—especially odd from the fact that, though the big lawyer is often mistaken for the sporting man, the latter is very seldom honored by the reverse error. Mr. Reed sometimes has considerable difficulty in making it clear that he knows naught of horse racing, card games and other sinful amusements.

THE ROMANCE OF KING EDWARD'S BETROTHAL.

THE MEETING AT WORMS. LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

It is always interesting to know the very first meeting of the lovers of exalted station. In the case of King Edward and Queen Alexandra the first meeting was almost haphazard, says the London King. King Christian of Denmark and his lovely daughter, Alexandra, were inspecting the famous racetracks in the cathedral at Worms, when the young Prince entered the building and was introduced.

That was in 1861, when the Prince was travelling over the Continent, and it seems to have been an undoubted case of love at first sight. Princess Alexandra and her father were invited by the Crown Princess of Prussia to pay her a visit in order that the Prince and Princess might have a further opportunity of making one another's acquaintance. This second meeting was the one when the Prince became engaged, although the formal betrothal did not take place till several months afterward. The trying place, according to generally accepted facts, was the fine old Hotel Prinz Carl, at Heidelberg.

Soon after the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia and the Prince of

Wales had taken up their quarters in the picturesque hotel, the King of Denmark and his daughter arrived. In Room No. 10 the young people met again, and this time they came to an understanding, although it was agreed that the engagement should not become public property. Of this visit to Heidelberg, the Prince Consort wrote in his diary, "The young people seem to have taken a warm liking for each other," and when the Prince returned home it was with a beautiful miniature of her who was to be his bride.

An amusing incident is said to have taken place during the happy days at Heidelberg. Among the visitors to the city was Professor William Ihne, who was well known to the Crown Princess of Prussia and to members of the British Royal family. The Crown Prince, with the bonhomie which distinguished him, invited Dr. Ihne to dine with the Royal party in the Prince Charles Hotel, and the learned professor of course accepted. The Crown Prince forgot, however, to acquaint his Marshal with his addition to the company, and, accordingly, when all were assembled for dinner, it was found that they numbered the unfortunate total of thirteen! Considering that among them were the newly-engaged Prince and Princess, it was thought to be out of the question to sit down thirteen to table.

The problem was at last solved by the

ready resource of the Crown Prince of Prussia. He ordered the proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Sommer, to bring a small table into the room, and insisted on dining, thereby breaking the superstitious number of thirteen. All through the meal the Crown Prince, with the happy humor which always made him so welcome a guest, kept up the joke of being in no way connected with the rest of the company. The little table at which he dined is still preserved as an heirloom in the family of Mr. Sommer.

Although Princess Alexandra had visited England as a child, when she played with the future Duchess of Teck, she knew practically no one else in England. Queen Victoria made her acquaintance at Laeken, the splendid country palace of the Queen's old friend and adviser, the King of the Belgians. That meeting took place a few days before the formal announcement made in the London Gazette of the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra.

The date selected for the good news was the Prince's twenty-first birthday, and the whole nation was delighted to hear of the approaching wedding. "All the world loves a lover," and after the sorrow caused by the death of the Prince Consort, there was more than usual joy at the coming sunshine in the life of the heir to the throne. The impression which the bride had made on the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia—good judges of character—was

considerably with Queen Victoria, and she was charmed immediately with her son's future wife when the Princess came shyly into Her Majesty's presence at Laeken.

As for the way in which the Princess won the hearts of the rest of her British relatives, let these celestial words of the late Duchess of Teck witness: "She is a very great darling, and I just adore her."

TIME FOR EATING.

Only forty-five minutes were allowed for the annual dinner of the Imperial Yacht Club at Kiel yesterday.

This was by the Emperor's order.

Emperor William often says that forty-five minutes is time enough for any man to spend in eating.

What do readers of The Evening World think of the Kaiser's dinner dictum?

Is forty-five minutes enough time to give to eating? Is it too much? Is it too little?

Give us your idea in a letter to The Evening World.

THE BABY TALK OF ALL NATIONS.

EVEN ORIENTAL MOTHERS CROON TO THEIR PETS.

"One of the things that struck me as being very peculiar when I first began to be acquainted with Oriental languages was the baby talk mothers used to their children," said a man who has lived for many years in the Far East, according to the Philadelphia Times.

"Of course, being a family man, I knew all about baby talk in my own tongue—indeed, may say that I had taken a post-graduate course in the subject myself—but somehow it had never occurred to me that people speaking another language had coined a similar fond nonsense for the nursery, and the discovery that baby talk is limited to no particular race or clime gave me quite a shock."

"Why, I nearly had a spasm the first day I heard a Chinese mother croon the equivalent for 'mamma's little pet,' and when I got so I could understand the translation of Didiu's little toadins hurt me. I was so astonished that I had to lay off from the office for a whole day to recuperate."

"Of course, when you sit down and figure the thing out in cold blood you find that there is no reason on earth why baby talk should not prevail the world over. A baby is a baby and a mother is a mother, no matter where you find her, and it is only natural that the words addressed to a youngster should assume a diminutive form. Still, in spite of that common-sense way of looking at it, I never quite got used to

Oriental baby gibberish, and to this day when I hear Chinese parents talk about their little heart and 'Was round dize on sweet little slink' in their own lingo, I want to go behind the door and snicker, for it really does sound funny."

"However, the Orientals themselves don't see anything strange in it, and no matter how many Chinese and Japanese nurses stand by the cradle and nod their heads as silly and harmful to the speech of the child, I fancy the mothers will keep on talking just so to the end of the chapter."

"It's a queer thing, anyway, this baby talk. I know an artist who has spent the last twenty years knocking around over the globe, camping right down in the homes of the people for local color. He has a smattering of two-score of languages, and he says that no matter where he is or how tight a fix he may be in, the minute he hears a word of baby talk he feels safe."

"People to whom baby talk comes natural have a mighty comfortable way with them. They make their meaning known with marvellous quickness. A person may be almost wholly ignorant of a language, but just as some women start up a string of infantile endearments and the stranger will declare straight off, 'That's baby talk, all right,' even though he doesn't understand a word that is spoken, I believe that if I were in the wilds of Africa and heard somebody say 'Goodey, goodey, goodey, I'll say, 'That means 'Zee little baby,' and settle down for a good night's rest. Verily, baby talk is the universal language of the present day. All honor to baby talk!"

SO SWEETLY INNOCENT.

He had been to the boarding school to pay a surprise visit to his daughter, his only child. He had parted from her, proud to be the parent of such a handsome maiden pleased with the innocence of budding womanhood. The principal accompanied him to the door, says Tit Bit.

"Madam," he said, with deep feeling, "I own you much for the manner in which you have reared my child since she has been under your care. When I notice the contrast between the innocent maiden and some of the girls of her age who have not had the advantage of such strict supervision, I feel that I have indeed done wisely in placing her in your charge."

"And how proud you must be," said the principal, glowing with satisfaction, "to be the father of so large and devoted a family."

"Large—devoted!" gasped the proud parent. "What do you mean?"

"Devoted to each other," said the principal. "No fewer than seven of Clara's brothers have been here during the past three weeks to take her out, and she is expecting another to-morrow."

OLD AND NEW WORLDS.

We must look to the solar system for examples of stars in the last stage of development. Each of the planets may, in fact, be regarded as an object of this kind. The bare and rocky surface of the moon affords a deplorable picture of what may result from this long-continued process of condensation. The volcanic region, which is shown to excellent advantage in a photograph, gives no evidence of the existence of life. In fact, the spectroscopic indicates that if there is any air on the moon it is much too rare to support life as we know it, says the Popular Science Monthly.

Fortunately the moon is not the only example of a worn-out star. The earth, which probably has many counterparts in the universe, is another example of a less desolate kind. Here, though the process of condensation, which is the chief cause of celestial phenomena, has ceased, the problem of evolution has not ended. In fact, though the cosmic problems which we have considered in the barren desolate world are completely solved for centuries, it may be truly said that the questions raised by the countless living organisms in a single drop of ditch water are still more complex and will require a still longer time for their solution.

CANDY

SPECIAL FOR TUESDAY.
Chocolate, 10c. Butter-Scotch Wa-
fers, 10c. Chocolate Butter Chips, 10c.
SPECIAL FOR WEDNESDAY.
Chocolate Walnut Fudge, 10c.
Chocolate Bitter Sweets, 10c.

Loft 54 BARCLAY ST.
29 CORTLANDT ST.
609 CHURCH

Amusements.

Big Comedy and Vaudeville
54th St. 5th Ave. 7th Ave. 8th Ave. 9th Ave. 10th Ave. 11th Ave. 12th Ave. 13th Ave. 14th Ave. 15th Ave. 16th Ave. 17th Ave. 18th Ave. 19th Ave. 20th Ave. 21st Ave. 22nd Ave. 23rd Ave. 24th Ave. 25th Ave. 26th Ave. 27th Ave. 28th Ave. 29th Ave. 30th Ave. 31st Ave. 32nd Ave. 33rd Ave. 34th Ave. 35th Ave. 36th Ave. 37th Ave. 38th Ave. 39th Ave. 40th Ave. 41st Ave. 42nd Ave. 43rd Ave. 44th Ave. 45th Ave. 46th Ave. 47th Ave. 48th Ave. 49th Ave. 50th Ave. 51st Ave. 52nd Ave. 53rd Ave. 54th Ave. 55th Ave. 56th Ave. 57th Ave. 58th Ave. 59th Ave. 60th Ave. 61st Ave. 62nd Ave. 63rd Ave. 64th Ave. 65th Ave. 66th Ave. 67th Ave. 68th Ave. 69th Ave. 70th Ave. 71st Ave. 72nd Ave. 73rd Ave. 74th Ave. 75th Ave. 76th Ave. 77th Ave. 78th Ave. 79th Ave. 80th Ave. 81st Ave. 82nd Ave. 83rd Ave. 84th Ave. 85th Ave. 86th Ave. 87th Ave. 88th Ave. 89th Ave. 90th Ave. 91st Ave. 92nd Ave. 93rd Ave. 94th Ave. 95th Ave. 96th Ave. 97th Ave. 98th Ave. 99th Ave. 100th Ave. 101st Ave. 102nd Ave. 103rd Ave. 104th Ave. 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